

Solitary (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Berner & Mozzy

[Intro: Wiz Khalifa]

Yeah

You know I relate to the things, I'm relatin' to 'em
That shit heartbreaking to 80 with their lighter under that spoon
Searchin' for the stars and the moon[Verse 1: Berner]

I was coke twistin', nose drippin'

Hoppin' out the low trippin' (I was trippin')

She on the low strippin', she didn't know different (She ain't know better)

I'm out in Casey, I'm trippin' 'til the low gettin' (Where it at?)

This shit just like home, two tone drippin' (Drippin')

Two phones clickin', new Chromes spinnin'

This bitch the devil, she almost caught us both slippin' (God damn)

With all the drama and the bullshit goin' on (With all the bullshit)

I'm barely holdin' on, the football's got me on (I'm on one)

Daydreamin' seein' doubles when I switch lanes (Switch lanes)

I'm tryna duck lames, a legend in the drug game (In the dope game)

Rollin' decks, look [?] T buggin' (I'm outta town)

Half a mill tucked in a brand new oven (It's on the truck)

Barcelona tryna slide ride through customs

10 thou' for a pound, next level hustlin'

And Seph love me, I'm rich, I'm still hungry (Hungry)

I lost a lot of friends, my past still haunt me (They do)

A few mill monthly, pockets real chunky (It's chunky)

They try to steal from me, he a real lummy (He a lyin')

Walk around like a mummy, boy I'm half dead (I'm half dead)

Hope a lil Cookies smoke make it in my last breath

[Hook: Mozzy]

150k, I'm finna blow this shit on diamonds

Respect lil young and hustle, but his package on consignment

Solitary confinement, due the lack of being compliance

Sacrifice it for my team, only way I could define it

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Ballin' up a [?], seats lookin' like Picante

Seven O valley, drop they trunks, endin' off shock waves

You don't need 30 if you got aim

Ay, I'm from the dope game

But I got it bottled up my uncle Hippy as soon as the ho came

Ay, I gave the blammy to my lil nigga and he finna go cray

All day we was baggin' up, why the homie now mad at us?

I told them niggas get a bag or somethin'
Just blew through a half of onion
And inside the blue bag, the nigga Bern had
Fuck rap, gotta murder rap
Where you find, never heard of that
Base rock, I was servin' that like 15, maybe 14
Put him on, that's the OG
Cut you off, you the police

Money yeah, 'til the phone ring, I love 'em
Meet me at the KFC, nigga money, yeah, 'til the phone ring
Place two order for the whole thing, like we want half of it
Every time I fire reppin' another city, I get a bag from it
I'm feelin' like Pablo Escobar, 'cause I got the trap buggin'
I blew a quarter milly on myself, 'cause I never had nothin'

[Hook: Mozzy]

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Uh, sacrifice 'em for the team, pocket full of cheese
I could hear you niggas talkin' but it's not what I believe
I give a lot of blessin's so a lot's what I receive
Then I'm workin' everyday, so at the top's where I'ma be
Don't really need the words or nothin', not what I've achieved
I just take the millions, dawg, in the crib with lots of weed
I own the property, your girl on top of me
'Gain the niggas that I'm ridin' with, they never crossin' me
We went from private flight to smokin' out economy
To Maybachs with the curtains when we need some privacy
I let her hit the kush now she could never lie to me
You swear you niggas drippin' but you lookin' dry to me
I gotta get this cake, you how expensive Prada be
And worry 'bout this shit that come my way, that's not a thing
And if you want some smoke well there some smoke you gotta bring
All my niggas was right there when niggas started things
Ya mean? [Hook: Mozzy]

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